

Children's Department.

A BOY'S PROTEST.

When a fellow knows every bird's nest
In the fields for miles around,
Where squirrels play in the sunshine,
Where the prettiest flowers are found;
When he knows of a pair of robins
That will fly to his hand for crumbs,
He hates to be penned in a school-room,
And he's glad when Saturday comes.

There's a bee tree on the hillside,
But I'll not tell anyone where;
There's a school of trout in the millstream,
And I want to go fishing there.
I know where an oriole's building
And a log where a partridge drums,
And I'm going to the woods to see them
As soon as Saturday comes.

They shouldn't keep school in the springtime,
When the world is so fresh and bright,
When you want to be fishing and climbing
And playing from morning till night.
It's a shame to be kept in a school-room,
Writing and working out sums
All week. It's like being in prison,
And I'm glad when Saturday comes.

—New York Independent.

From Fisher's Hill, Va.

I live at Wheatfield, but am visiting Aunt Ida Keller, and as cousin Vernie is writing for the paper, I will also try and write a short letter. I love to read the Children's Column. Aunt Ida often sends the EVANGELIST to us and we all delight in reading it.

Vernie and I are having a nice time. We enjoy attending the camp meeting which is in progress here at present under the name of Christian Workers.

DELLA R. WILLIS.

From Montevallo, Mo.

I will again write a few lines for our church paper, the EVANGELIST. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday I possibly can. Aquilla Leedy is our superintendent. Mrs. Hettie Coughendauffer is our teacher. I like her very much. We are doing a grand work in our Sunday-school for the Lord. I will close by asking a question: Where were the disciples first called Christians?

BESSIE SHANABERGER.

From Fisher's Hill, Va.

What has become of all the little children who write for the EVANGELIST? We miss their letters so much as we like to read them. I hope the editor will continue to give us space, and give us a chance to write often.

WALTER W. KELLER.

From Minburn, Iowa.

I am a little boy six years old. I like to go to school. My teacher's name is Sadie Morris. I like to hear my mamma

and papa read the EVANGELIST, and they enjoy the paper very much. My mamma and papa belong to the Brethren church.

ROMAN BUTERBAUGH.

From Fisher's Hill, Va.

Since I last wrote for the EVANGELIST death visited us, taking my dear papa. Home is so lonely and sad without him. It hardly seems like home now. It is only a little over three months since Grandma died. Thus the death of papa leaves two vacant chairs. The beautiful summer weather with everything fresh and green helps us to realize God's blessings and the new life that can be had by all if we only accept Jesus as our Saviour and follow him while we journey through this sinful world.

VERNIE M. KELLER.

BROTHERS.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Clara Ward, fretfully. Now Clara had three little brothers, aged respectively two, four, and six, whom she thinks—no, did think—were no earthly good. "I wish," she continued, "that all boys were exported to the arctic regions, and we girls left here just as we are—only there would be no hats and caps to pick off the floor, no ragged jackets to mend, no dirty tracks to sweep from the floor, and, above all, no one to yell and make a noise and worry poor kitty half to death," she added.

That night Clara had a strange dream. Somehow the boys were all gone, and Clara must make the fires, go for the letters, drive the calves to pasture, dig the potatoes, and do many other things she never knew before had to be done. But still worse, there were no little arms to clasp her neck in a fond embrace; no rosy lips to kiss her and call her "my dear, big sister." How lonesome she was! for her mother was in heaven, and her Aunt Dora, who kept house for them, was no company at all.

When the house was once tidied up it stayed so all day, for prim Miss Clara made no trash—no, indeed. So she could not even have the cleaning up to do for pastime. But, ah! there is her little brother Frank standing at her bedside, and the morning sunshine is streaming in at the window.

Ah! it was only a horrid dream after all, and Clara is heartily glad of it. "For what would I do without my dear little brothers?" she mused, as she hastily buttoned her shoes, for Aunt Dora was calling her to come and set the table. What a nice warm fire one of those very little brothers she had called a bother only yesterday had made her! And it was with a feeling of thankfulness in her heart that

Clara responded to baby Hal's good morning kiss. Ah, Clara, you have learned a good lesson that you will not soon forget.

The boys could not help wondering what had come over their elder sister, who was usually so cross and fretful, now so cheerful and obliging. That night as Clara knelt by her bed, as she had done since her dear mother's death, she asked Him who rules on high to make her always so, and I think that her prayer was answered.—Alice Howard, in *Our Boys and Girls*.

THE SLEEPING FROGS.

Among the many creatures that sleep in the winter are the frogs, with their two very long hind legs, short fore legs, and with big black eyes on each side of their very big mouths.

When the cold days come, and the water begins to freeze in the pond, the frogs know that it is time to go to bed for all winter. Down they go, and their families with them, to the bottom; then they begin to dig with their long hind feet into the soft mud. They work themselves down into their beds backward, until at last they are covered under the mud, all except the tips of their noses. There they go to sleep. After awhile they have an ice-spread over them, and they can sleep safely all winter. They do not get hungry all this time.

After awhile spring comes, and the sun grows bright and warm. Jack Frost carries away their covering, and old Father Frog begins to push his nose up out of the mud until his ears are uncovered. Then he nudges Mother Frog. "Wake up!" he says. "Don't you hear everybody busy up there?" And oh! how sleepy she is, poor thing! But he had tried the water and found it warm, and they must not rest any longer.

TELEPHONING A DOG.

Jack is a coach dog who found his master by telephone. In some way Jack got lost, and fortunately was found by one of his master's friends, who went to his office, and asked by telephone whether the gentleman had lost his dog.

"Yes; where is he?" was the reply.

"He is here. Suppose you call him through the telephone."

The dog's ear was placed over the ear-piece, and the master said:

"Jack, Jack! How are you, Jack?"

Jack instantly recognized the voice, and began to yelp. He licked the telephone fondly, seeming to think that his master was inside the machine. At the other end of the line the gentleman recognized the familiar barks, and shortly afterward he reached his friend's office to claim his property.—Exchange.